

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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Strength in Weakness.

The spider and the dove!—what thing is weak? If Allah make it strong? The spider and the dove!—if He protect, Fear thou not foe-man's wrong.

From Mecca to Medina fled our Lord, The horsemen followed fast; Into a cave to shun their murderous rage, Muhammad, weary, passed.

Quoth Abu Bekr, "If they see, we die!" Quoth Ebu Fohet, "Away!" The guide Abdallah said "The sand is deep, Those footmarks will betray."

Then spake our Lord, "We are not four, but five; 'He who protects' is here. Come! Al Mubalim now will blind their eyes; Enter, and have no fear."

The band drew nigh: one of the Korish cried, "Search ye out yonder cleft, I see the print of sandals feet which turn Thither, upon the left!"

But when they drew unto the cavern's mouth, Lo! at its entering-in, A ring-necked desert dove sat on her eggs; The mate-cooed soft within.

And right athwart the shadow of the cave A spider's web was spread; The creature hung upon her net at watch; Unbroken was each thread.

"By Thammuz' blood," the unbelievers cried, "Our toll and time are lost; Where doves hatch and the spider spins her snare No foot of man hath crossed!"

Thus did a desert bird and spider guard The blessed Prophet then; For all things serve their Maker and their Better than thankless men.

—Sir Edwin Arnold.

THE LAST OF THE MAYNARDS.

To be an only daughter, with five older brothers, all of them eagerly ready to serve you, ought to be pleasant enough. Yet Alice Maynard often wished that she had been born a boy. Her brothers, however, had little sympathy with her wish.

"If there'd been six more of us, so we could have had a football team right in the family, Alice," said John. "I am not saying we mightn't have regretted your being a girl. But as it is, you're the finest thing that ever happened."

John was a junior at Denham and would be captain of the college eleven next year; so his thoughts naturally ran on football.

So, too, for the matter, did Alice's, and that was the secret of her dissatisfaction. Not only was she fond of all games, and football in particular, but she was a Maynard. And at Denham the Maynards boys had successfully distinguished themselves in athletics, like the Poes at Princeton and the Pratts at Amherst. Since Harry had entered college fifteen years before, at least one Maynard had played on every Denham football team except two.

"What shall we do when the Maynards are all used up?" the college asked. Denham was co-educational, and Alice herself was to enter in the fall. She did not resent the form of the question; she only resented being a girl.

The triumphs of Harry and Alfred were too far back for her to remember; but fresh in her mind were the occasions when Paul had beaten Burford by a drop kick, and when Matt had taken the ball on a fumble and run a hundred yards for a touchdown and victory. And last year John's impressive line smashing had not only won the Burford game but had caused him to be mentioned for the all-American eleven. No such honor could she ever earn for old Denham!

To make matters worse, the coming football season promised none too well. Even John himself pessimistically declared that Denham's chances were small against Burford. "If we only had some one who could kick!" That was the burden of his complaint, and Alice took it personally to heart. Had she been a boy, she knew that she could have kicked!

But she could not stay really downhearted for long this June, for she was to spend the summer with her Aunt Rebecca at lake Oconomowoc. Aunt Rebecca's house at Oconomowoc was not imposing; but Aunt Rebecca knew everyone, did everything, and had a knack of making the days go by so rapidly that the time spent with her seemed as short as it was delightful.

"You've worked hard, and in the fall you'll begin to work hard again," Aunt Rebecca said to her the first

day at the lake. "Now I want you to enjoy yourself."

This Alice gratefully did. Tennis and boat races, canoeing and swimming and horseback riding, filled the days.

Aunt Rebecca's cottage had a small garden; and before long Alice's attention was attracted to the young man who took care of it. He seemed hardly older than she, but he was as tall as John, and it was easy to see that he was strong. He was almost comically plain, with big green eyes, "like an owl's," Alice thought.

But in the first day or two, when Alice asked him some question, he answered so clearly that she wondered why he was only a man of all work, and asked Aunt Rebecca about him.

"His name is Bartlett," her aunt said. "He lives near here, and brought excellent recommendations; and unless I'm mistaken he'll have still better ones when he leaves."

"But who is he?" Alice asked. "I believe," said Aunt Rebecca, "that his father is the head porter at the hotel."

"Oh!" said Alice; and her voice showed that she was disappointed.

But the next day, when she saw Ted Lake talking earnestly with the young gardener, her curiosity was roused again. Ted's answer to her inquiry was quite different from Aunt Rebecca's.

"Why, he's Sam Bartlett, the full back on the high-school team here. They say he's a wonder—punts like a demon. He's going to college this fall, and I was just putting in a good word for Yale."

"I wish he'd go to Denham," Alice exclaimed eagerly. "He's booked for the state university. But if you undertook to change him, Miss Maynard, I shouldn't wonder if you could do it."

"I wish I could!" answered the girl.

That afternoon, finding the young gardener at work, she spoke to him. "Mr. Lake says you're going to college this fall."

He nodded. "Yes, ma'am."

"I'm going myself," she explained. "I'm going to Denham."

"I thought some of going there myself," he said. "I want to be a mechanical engineer, and the course is first-class there."

"Why don't you, then?"

"I can't afford it," he replied simply.

"But lots of boys work their way through," she said eagerly.

It's the tuition, you see," he explained. "The state university gives free tuition."

"But you could get a scholarship," he laughed. "I guess not, ma'am."

"Why, it's not hard. I've got one myself."

"That's different from me getting it," he said respectfully. She made no answer, and after a moment he bent again to his work.

To Aunt Rebecca that evening Alice confided her desire. If she could only get the services of Sam Bartlett for Denham! "He really wants to go," but he can't pay the tuition."

"That seems to settle it," said Aunt Rebecca. "He wouldn't let anyone pay it for him, and you could hardly give him your scholarship."

"Of course not. But I was thinking—do you suppose I could tutor him this summer, and may be he could win one in the fall?"

Aunt Rebecca smiled. "It would take a great deal of your time, and there is the chance that he would not win the scholarship, after all."

"They give two to every state each year, and I don't believe many people would try, from Wisconsin—would they? And he's bright."

Aunt Rebecca pondered. It took a week and permission from home to win her doubtful consent, but at last she gave it.

Young Bartlett hesitated at first. But Alice's own enthusiasm and the manifest advantages of the scholarship if he should get it won him; and presently the tutoring began.

It was not easy. Bartlett was embarrassed at first, although Alice's simplicity and determination soon overcame that. He had never before worked at his books in the summer, and he was frequently restless. Only his own very real desire to have the advantages of Denham's famous engineering school and the respect he soon came to have for his teacher's earnestness and self-

sacrifice kept him at the work. As for Alice, she soon found that she had undertaken a big task. Although she worked with him only an hour and a half a day, she had to spend a good deal of time in preparation. She had to deny herself engagement after engagement that she longed to make. Aunt Rebecca pitied her, and after two weeks proposed that she get another tutor for young Bartlett. But at that suggestion Alice shook her head firmly.

"That would be paying to get him in," she said. "It wouldn't be quite fair, would it? And, anyway, Aunt Rebecca, it wouldn't be me doing it, and I want to do what I can."

As the summer went on, Aunt Rebecca worried less about Alice. The girl showed no signs of getting tired. On the contrary, she grew browner and stronger and more lively each week. But she permitted nothing to interfere with the tutoring of her "protégé," not even the laughter of the other girls.

"But I'm awfully glad he's so homely!" she confided one day to Aunt Rebecca. "They'd laugh so much more if he was good-looking."

The Labor Day sports, at which Alice had a chance to see young Bartlett's ability as an athlete, brought her first reward. For Bartlett won the two-hundred-and-twenty yard dash and the twelve-pound shot put, and in the drop kick for distance sent the ball a hundred and seventy-six feet.

"Great Scott!" remarked Ted Lake. "I'll bet they'd hear from that boy, even at Yale!" Higher praise he could not offer.

Soon after Labor Day Alice went home. Before she left she had a long talk with her pupil. The examinations for Denham were to be held at Milwaukee some two weeks later, and she gave him minute instructions.

"I shan't forget what you've done for me, Miss Maynard, and I know you've done it," he said bashfully. "I hope I get to Denham, for a school that has as much spirit as you've shown must be first class."

"I hope, I do so hope, you win!" she said. "If I do," he answered, "I'll make good afterwards—see if I don't, Miss Maynard."

She told none of her family except her mother the whole story of the summer. "If I've failed," she said, "I don't want people to laugh at me, mother."

It was three weeks later that John came jubilantly into the house one day.

"Hi, Matt!" he cried. "It looks better for Denham? You know that young fellow, Bartlett, I told you about, from Wisconsin? He's coming here—got a scholarship."

"How'd he get it?" demanded Paul.

"Examination—competitive. Shouldn't wonder if that filled our back field. He lives up in Oconomowoc, sis. You didn't run across him, did you?"

"I heard about him," admitted Alice discreetly. "Oh, isn't it fine, fine, he's coming!"

"Well, you needn't be setting off any rockets and pin wheels till we see what he's like," commented the somewhat startled John.

Alice only laughed and made no explanation.

The game with Burford swayed this way and that. Late in the first quarter a long punt from Bartlett sent the ball over the Burford goal line, and a half back foolishly tried to run it out. Two yards from the line he met the overwhelming charge of Jack Maynard and was borne back for a safety. The Denham stands roared; the Burfordites sat in stricken silence.

Those two points were all that either side scored during the first two quarters. Burford smashed and smashed desperately. Then Denham would get the ball somehow, Bartlett would send away a long kick, and the men from Burford had it all to do over. Between halves it was jubilantly or gloomily predicted that those two points would decide the game.

But the third quarter had not been under way more than five minutes when the fortunes of the game shifted suddenly. Burford punted, and Bartlett, set to receive the ball, muffed it squarely. A Burford end

snatched at it, missed it, snatched again, had it, and was off for the goal, with Bartlett after him. Almost to the line they sped, when Bartlett downed him just in front of the goal posts. Two plunges failed to force back the desperate Denham defense. Then the Burford quarter back dropped the ball squarely over the bar. Three to two the score stood, against Denham.

Denham must take the offensive now; punts were no longer enough. The men toiled, panting, struggling desperately. The third quarter ended; the fourth was well under way, but still they had made no headway.

At last, when the last quarter was almost over, Denham had the ball on the Burford twenty-five yard line, at the extreme right of the field. In the stand, sitting between Alice and his mother, Matt stared sadly at his watch.

"They haven't more than a minute to play," he said. "Their only chance is a drop. Three points would win it. The idiots!"

The team had lined up in regular formation. The ball was snapped to John Maynard, and, with Bartlett interfering, he tore for the middle of the field, then turned straight in. A long sigh rose from the Denham stands—he was down! He had gained three yards, but what were three yards then?

The referee blew his whistle and shouted to the timekeepers; time had to be taken out for something. A man was down, and the crowd strained its eyes and buzzed.

"Who's hurt? It's young Bartlett!" The buzz sank into silence, for Bartlett dropped out Denham's last faint chance was gone.

But he got up and hobbled to his place, amid yells of applause from both sides.

"It's 'a matter of seconds now,'" said Matt softly. "They're in the middle of the field, though, see?"

Denham lined up for a drop kick, and a tense hush held the stands. If the kick failed, Denham was beaten. Even as Bartlett stood, alone, nine yards behind the quarter, the spectators could see that all was not right with him. He tossed away his headgear and nose guard; they were of no use to him now. A thousand field glasses saw that his face was white and queer.

"He will never make it!" said Matt.

The ball came back straight and true. Bartlett caught it, took a limping step forward, dropped it, seemed to fling himself sideways at it, and sent it soaring—end over end, true as a die. The moment it left his toe, the Denham stands began to shiver with the cheering, for the goal was a foregone conclusion. Those who watched only the ball saw it clear the bar by ten feet. A few saw the kicker sink upon his left leg, roll over, and lie face down on the grass.

Denham always celebrated great victories in the same way—a huge bonfire, a torchlight procession and speeches. The speaker, by immemorial custom, stood upon a barrel in the light of the flames, and the students and townspeople in the background cheered. Tonight, as usual, the first man on the barrel was the captain of the eleven, John Maynard. He congratulated the college on the victory, and when they would let him added:

"You'll be glad to get news of the freshman. His ankle's broken, but he's all right, the doctor says."

He held up his hand presently for silence. "Look here, fellows," he said, "I want to tell you a little story. The boy's ankle went in that last scrimmage; he got it twisted. But he said he could make that kick, and there was nobody else, so we had to let him try. You know what happened."

Again the cheers roared up. "Hold on. I saw him after the game, in the infirmary, and I told him what Denham thinks of his pluck. And then he told me something. It seems he didn't mean to come here at all—he meant to go to his state university. But this summer there was a Denham girl out where he lives."

Alice, back in the crowd, between Harry and Matt, began to shake.

"She thought he'd be a good man for us, and what do you suppose she did? Spent part of every day, all summer, tutoring young Bartlett so that he could win a scholarship and come here. Gave up half her fun,

he says, to do it. 'I tell you,' Bartlett said to me, 'she had the spirit! The more I saw of her the more I thought of the college that would make a girl work like that over a school kid like me! That's what he said, you understand!'"

When the laughter had died out, John went on; "Well! Bartlett says, when Denham was so nearly licked to-day, and especially after he missed that punt, he kept thinking of how disappointed that girl would be. 'And so you see,' he ended up, 'when I had a chance, I had to make good, didn't I?'"

"Name! Name! We want the name!" chanted the crowd, and Alice choked. But John's first words relieved her.

"He didn't say who she was, and it makes no difference. She was a Denham girl, and she had the Denham spirit; and so when you fellows are cheering for the college you're really cheering for her. So now—the old yell, and let it out!"

"They let it out. Under cover, Matt bent down to Alice.

"Well, little one?"

"Sh!" she whispered.

"The last of the Maynards, and, by jiminy, the best of the bunch!" he whispered back, patting her shoulders.—The Youth's Companion.

Austrian Deaf-Mutes Relief Fund.

Donations to the above fund, to purchase "provision checks" for deaf-mutes in direct need of the necessities of life, can be sent to the Editor of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Following is a list of contributors up to date:—

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Ephphatha Bible Class, Norfolk, Va.	11 00
Rev. J. M. Koehler, Olyphant, Pa.	1 00
Total received	\$184 25

June 12—Food Draft sent to Karl Altenachinger, Deutschlandsberg, Styria, Austria

Nov. 3—Food Draft sent to Karl Altenachinger

Nov. 3—Three Hundred Kronen sent to Karl Altenachinger

Nov. 14—Food Draft sent to Karl Altenachinger

Dec. 6—Food Draft sent to Karl Altenachinger

Total sent to Austria

\$143 00

Hebrew Association of the Deaf

Religious services held Friday evenings, 8:30 o'clock, at the Communal Centre, 40-44 West 115th Street, New York City.

MAX M. LUBIN, Leader.

AID FOR HUNGARY

At the request of the Allied Hungarian Deaf-Mutes Societies, through their President, Armin Breuter, to relieve the condition of such brethren caused by the unheard of high cost of living and by the long continued idleness, Mr. Moriz Schoenfeld, 2027 7th Ave., City, has inaugurated a collection, and had already sent 6000 Kronen through the bank firm of Von Polenz & Co, 60 Broadway.

The names of the kind-hearted donors will be published in the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

The coming donations will be thankfully received and be sent immediately mailed to Buda Pesth by M. Schoenfeld, 2027-7 Ave., New York.

Mrs. Isaac Guggenheim

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74 00

German Deaf-Mutes Relief Fund

In response to an appeal for aid made by Mr. Watzulik, to succor the needy German deaf made destitute by the war, the undersigned is soliciting contributions. Any amount, large or small, will be thank fully received.

WILLIAM LIPGENS,

334 N. 18th Street, EAST ORANGE, N. J.

Contributions received to date:—

Sent to Mr. A. M. Watzulik, 4170 marks

Balance on hand

\$24 25

A QUESTION OF HONOR

The father of Rabinadrath Tagore once administered a satisfying reproof to one who offended him by unjust suspicion of his honesty. The Hindu poet tells the story in his reminiscences.

It happened, he says, on a journey between Bolpur and Armitser. The train had stopped at a big station. The ticket examiner came and punched our tickets. He looked at me curiously, as he had some doubt that he did not care to express. He went off, but in a few minutes he came back with a companion. Both of them adged about for a time near the door of our compartment and then again retired. At last came the station master himself. He looked at my half ticket and then asked:

"Is not the boy over twelve?"

"No," said my father.

I was then only eleven, but I looked older than my age.

"You must pay the full fare for him," said the station master.

My father's eyes flashed as, without a word, he took a currency note from his box and handed it to the station master. When they brought my father his change he flung it disdainfully back at them, while the station master stood abashed at this exposure of the meanness of his implied doubt.

St. Thomas Mission for the Deaf

Christ Church Cathedral, Thirteenth and Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

The Rev. James H. Cloud, M.A., D.D., Priest-in-Charge.

Mr. A. O. Steidemann, Lay Reader.

Miss Hattie L. Deem, Sunday School Teacher.

Sunday School at 9:30 A.M.

Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.

Lectures, socials and other events according to local annual program and special announcements at services.

The deaf cordially invited.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal

NEW YORK, APRIL 28, 1921.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at W. 163d Street and Ft. Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

One Copy, one year, \$2.00
To Canada and Foreign Countries, 2.50

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All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions and business letters to be sent to the Editor.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Station M, New York.

He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

A SHORT time ago there appeared in *Popular Science Monthly* a picture of a girl in her teens, with a man tattooing a name and number on her neck. The inscription announced that it was a method adopted by Institutions for the Deaf to prevent deaf-mutes from getting lost.

Principal Gardner of the New York Institution wrote a letter of inquiry to *Popular Science Monthly*, in an effort to identify the individual who practiced tattooing of deaf-mutes, adding "I can not believe that such a practice ever existed in this State or country."

The associate editor, J. Bigger, replied as follows:—

"I have a letter from the photographers from whom we obtained the picture of the deaf and dumb child having its name and address put on its neck. This Company states that the photograph was taken in Berlin. This information is somewhat vague, but I imagine it is the best we can do."

Unfortunately for deaf-mutes the picture has told its story throughout the land. There is no use in chasing it, for no one could ever catch up. This is one of the handicaps that accompanies the condition of deafness. We must suffer from misrepresentation and misunderstanding. The National Association of the Deaf is doing its best by active aggression to rout the fakery who pander to morbid curiosity and exploit deafness for the money it pulls from the pockets of those who can be worked to the maudlin stage of sympathy.

A LITTLE boy at one of the middle-west Institutions for the Deaf, miraculously escaped fatal injury while standing on the side-line at a weight-throwing practice. He was hit on the head with a 12-lb iron ball and had his skull cracked. A surgical operation relieved the pressure on the brain that was causing paralysis of one side of his body, and he is on the road to recovery.

There have been many accidents of a similar character at athletic games, and in the light of past experience, it is reasonable to expect careful precautions in the future. Throwing weights is not dangerous if the spectators are spread out in a thin line at a considerable distance from the athlete and the possible space that the throw will cover. The judges in such events should stop the game until a sufficient space to insure safety is cleared.

Thirty-five or forty years ago, a supervisor at the New York Institution was struck on the head by a "hammer" thrown by one of the pupils. He was waving a handkerchief to keep the pupils back and not looking at the throw. It struck him on the side of the head and shattered his skull, and he never recovered consciousness, dying in three or four days. He was an unusually strong man, otherwise his

death would have been instantaneous.

Hammer throwing is more dangerous than shot-putting, because it is more difficult to throw the hammer straight. Shot-putting, through a slip or twist of the arm also is fraught with danger. Therefore, if the authorities do not insist upon rigid precautions, this kind of sport should be prohibited. At this season, when outdoor athletics form the principal sports of boys and young men, a solemn warning should be given to those in charge of the contests. We have seen many a close shave from serious injury caused by managerial neglect.

Last week's visitors to Fanwood included Mr. A. W. Dobyns and Mr. William C. McClure.

Mr. Dobyns is a lawyer in Little Rock, Ark., with a big practice. He was a teacher at Fanwood about fifteen years ago. He is the son of Dr. Dobyns, Superintendent of the Arkansas Institution, whose life has been devoted to the educational welfare of the deaf.

Mr. McClure is one of the youngest superintendents in the profession, being head of the North Dakota Institution at Devil's Lake. He is a son of our old friend and colleague of the *Kentucky Standard*, "Col." George McClure, and has been fitted by association, education and training, for his present high position. If he takes after his dad, young Mr. McClure is destined to take high rank in the profession of educating the deaf.

CHICAGO.

Those Englishmen of ample girth,
The bally, bloomin' blighters,
Are shaking in their merry mirth—
By Jove, they mock us fighters.
My pen will now proceed to wiggle
And tell why Britons grin and giggle.

The British *Deaf Times* (the *Silent Worker* of England) touches in a merry mood on lawlessness among American deaf, particularly on the incident, recently released in the Chicago column, of how two young deaf men broke the plate glass of a Pennsylvania bank, and calmly removed the dollar bills decorating a Christmas tree in the window, blissfully ignoring the clang and clamor of the burglar alarm which the breaking glass had released—bringing every cop within hearing.

The *Times* plays it up in masterly British vein, using such typically British words and phrases as "The Bobbies," (English slang for cops.) "the sly sillies," "tinkling glass caused matin chimies to murmur like the bubbling brook athwart the bosky lea," or something kindred (I have not the exact wording before me.)

And for once our beloved British brothers have a perfect right to snicker.

Lawlessness seems growing apace among our younger element. Every time a Judge with mistaken mercy released a deaf offender, it encourages several other deaf men now hesitating between industry and crime.

Behold the case of Chandler Thompson, Harold Cliff and Walter Fleming, charged with stealing an expensive auto, as related in this column in the issue of February 24th. The Judge sentenced them to five years and then released all three on probation.

That means they have to report weekly to their court; one slight error and they go up to serve their sentence—unless some other Judge turns them loose.

The N. A. D. drove impostors out of business.

The N. A. D. is now after real deaf peddlers of alphabet cards and other useless articles.

Let the N. A. D. (which means you and me) now proceed to ostracize, exile, and help send behind bars every deaf man who breaks the law.

For we must keep our good names—or eventually starve.

Out with the

crooks

peddlers

impostors.

It is rumored that the better-class deaf in a large city not many hours ride from Chicago, have been permitting that obnoxious alphabet-card peddler Schaffner (*alias* Schwartz) to make his home at their club, instead of treating him as a Benedict Arnold. "A man is known by the company he keeps." It is strange if the idle deaf of—instead of holding Schaffner partly responsible for their idleness—by poisoning the minds of employers against us, our ability and our industry—treat him as an

equal. The name of the city is withheld pending further investigation.

April 16th the Pas ran its grand, long-advertised ball and entertainment, the Sac put on its non-advertised Spider Web party. Owing to the 50 to 70-mile hurricane sweeping Chicago that night, neither was a conspicuous success from a point of view of receipts. The idea of the Spider Web was a series of overhead, criss-crossed strings, which the "flies" were supposed to follow—up-stairs, down-stairs, and in my lady's chamber, until they reached the number hidden at the end of their own particular string, which they then brought to the spider and received their prize. Even with the corporal's guard there, the fun was fast and furious.

F. J. Neesam was secured by Ernest Craig to address the Sacs April 17th, following the Pathoscope showing. Neesam, looked upon as the big man of the Wisconsin deaf, proved an entertaining signist, giving several O. Henry stories.

William Egan—until lately instructor in printing in the Wisconsin school—and E. Svacina were weekend visitors.

Harry Simon, laid-off at the auto plant in Kalamazoo, is seeing the sights here pending industrial improvement.

Charles Rosemond, Philadelphia, is here looking for work.

Jacob Cohen, who last fall threw up a good job to sell Delaney Food Products stock among the Canadian silents, and who was unable to get his job back when the brokers withdrew further selling of the stock, has hidden Chicago a sorrowful adieu and gone back to his parental homestead in Des Moines.

Pas ladies, led by Mrs. Louis Walack, gave a linen shower to Miss Bessie Poblner, recently from New York. The Pas bachelors made up a purse of \$2.50 for her also.

H. A. Wittemore, a handsome, well-groomed, prosperous young businessman of Menominee, Mich., was sent here by his firm to effect settlement of a disputed freight claim with the Albert Pick Co. Rather an unusual role for a deaf man.

Wittemore reports running two apparently genuine deaf peddlers out of town lately. He made friends with the cop, who are glad to bring all such cases to his office for verification before they scare the life out of them. "Suspicious characters," and "peddling without a license" will always serve as perfectly legal excuse for police prosecution of such "Gottistics," state Wittemore. This is a timely hint to live-wire deaf citizens in other small towns. Make friends with the police and they will be only too glad to cooperate when you explain just what you want.

After the Sac "Spider Web" party, Wittemore took a handful of boon companions out for a round of the after-midnight grills near by, where he sprung a new joke worth placing in the Akron collection. States his tank-town friend has a phonograph, and brags he has a record of every know language. Wittemore bet he has not. Bets posted: "What's the language I lack a record of?" "The deaf and dumb language."

April 22d, the occasion of K. Kraft's birthday, saw 26 silents of the northwest side sit down to a nice chicken supper at the Kraft home.

Mrs. Ernest Swangren spent a few days in Peoria, with her husband—who is working there during the present printers' wage dispute—and attended the lecture of F. P. Gibson before the deaf there. Peoria is anxious to establish a frat division.

Quick, Watson, the needle. Some Sherlock Holmes deduces that the Sac's cheerful little pest, Morris Sinclair, patronizes a scab barber. In other words, Morris mows his own hair.

Fred Schrock, a scientist of Decatur, is in town.

Coming events. April 30—Supper and entertainment at All Angels, benefit Home Fund. May 7—Miss Hoffman's Ballet Recital at the Sac, benefit of the Sac; advertised to start promptly at 8:15, admission 55 cents. May 14—Bunco parties at both All Angels and the Pas.

THE MEAGHERS.

NOTICE

Official notice is herein given that the next Semi-Annual Meeting of the Greater New York Branch of the N. A. D. will be held in the Auditorium of the New York Training School for Teachers, West 119th Street, between 7th and St. Nicholas Avenue, on Saturday evening, May 21, 1921. Nomination of officers, report of the Ball Committee, and other matters of interest await your consideration.

Yours truly,

JOHN H. KENT,

Secretary.

MARCUS L. KENNER,

President.

SUNDRY NOTES

Henry D. Riegel's son, who lives in Philadelphia, paid them a visit recently, and reported that his wife's sister had died of consumption.

OMAHA.

Your Omaha correspondent has at last taken pity on the JOURNAL readers, especially those in the realm of Ak-Sar Ben, who like to see their names in print. We, (singular) decided to celebrate Washington's birthday by letting a famous surgeon play. We were a cherry tree (with discrimination, of course). Then there was a vacation and recuperation, and as a result we will soon have more pep than the whole Ak-Sar-Ben show. If the good doctor had inserted any monkey glands, we would probably make Troy Hill and Jimmy Meagher look to their laurels. Well, I want to congratulate them on their "peppy" letters that certainly help to make the paper worth the subscription price. Also Mr. Greener, as the *Hawkeye* remarked not long ago, deserves a lot of credit for sticking to the job for so many years.

The Mid-West Chapter of the Gallaudet College Alumni Association was entertained at a Shamrock party, Saturday evening, March 12th, by Mrs. Ota Blankenship and Miss Stacia Luta in the Primary Building at the Nebraska School. Fourteen tables were arranged for "500," at which Mr. F. W. Booth and Mrs. Tobias Brill carried off the prizes. The refreshments were mostly green and white, appropriate to the occasion.

At the April meeting of the local Frats, quite a number of non-resident members were on hand to help select the convention delegates. The attendance, 45 all told, was one of the largest in a long time. The non residents included Messrs Wilber Stiehler, L. Noah, and Wm. Hartz, of Lincoln, Neb.; Thomas McManus, of Auburn, Neb.; B. Thornberg of Walnut, Ia.; P. E. Seely, P. L. Axling, Olive C. Johnson and Ed. Humphreys, of Sioux City, Ia. Messrs. Noah and McManus were initiated into the mysteries of the order. Those chosen to represent the Omaha Division at Atlanta, were President H. G. Long, Oscar M. Treuke and Jas. R. Jelinek.

Three surprise parties inside of one week, and practically the same crowd at each—well, that is going some in little old Omaha. The first was planned by Miss Stacia Kuta, complimentary to her sister, Mrs. Sophia Seivert, of Ashton, Ia., and was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Nelson. A "breezy" time was had, as Mrs. Chas. Macek will testify. On the way to the party, the naughty wind swiped her Sunday hat and deposited it under the wheels of a street car, and she had to go home for her second best.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Bingham and a score of others surprised Mrs. J. M. O'Brien on her empty-seventh birthday. The "Mid-West Craze" and refreshments, and plenty of light-hearted conversation, then good bye till next time, which was the following Friday, another attempt to surprise Mrs. H. G. Long, who is "on to" Mr. Long's tricks by this time, and why not? They played "500" and then had "eats"—the guests brought a fine assortment of the latter. Mrs. Ed. Holter invited a number of friends to help her surprise, Mrs. John M. Thompson, on April 10th.

Mr. O. H. Blanchard entertained the Mid-West chapter on the evening of April 1st. Possibly the date had a pleasant effect on the mental atmosphere of the gathering, at least there were plenty of amusing jokes to relate. The following Thursday Mr. Blanchard submitted to an operation at St. Joseph's Hospital, the Union Pacific Railroad paying all his expenses, but half of his board, giving him half his usual salary in addition. Mr. Blanchard is one of those Gallaudet graduates who have made good in all ways but one—he has not found a wife to suit him. He is consoled, however, by the fact that there are a good many others like him, since the deaf are limited in their choice of a mate, he hopes ere long to indulge in his favorite amusement. Sh! Mr. Blanchard is an epicure—witness the limburger cheese club, which he founded. While at the hospital one morning, he wished to shave, and must have made an amusing picture, lying flat on his back and stretching his razor strop between his left hand and his teeth, as that was the only way he could do it. However, his sense of humor saved the situation. The only fault he finds with the hospital is that pretty and obliging nurses are too scarce to suit him.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom L. Anderson, of Minden, Nebraska, were weekend visitors at the J. G. Sowell home recently. Mr. Harold Christensen, also of Minden, is working in Omaha, at present. His brother Christian went to Chicago to study photo-engraving and has promise of a good position when he is through. Superintendent and Mrs. Elwood Stevenson, of the Kansas School, were in Omaha and Council Bluffs for two days in April, coming from a visit to the Colorado School. Later they went with Superintendent Gruver of the Iowa School to visit the South Dakota and Minnesota Schools. Kansas and Iowa have progressive legislatures, and their respective schools will no doubt benefit greatly from the first-hand information thus acquired by their superintendents.

On Wednesday evening, April 6th, the Harmony Club entertained the members of the Limburger Cheese Club. Amusing games were played and a generous "spread" was served, including rolls, hot "dogs" sinkers, pickles, pickles, fudge, coffee and cheese—Harmony was there, but no limburger. While making the coffee with two electric stoves, the fuse burned out and connection with the light in the hall, high up in the ceiling, necessitated some acrobatic stunts on the part of the dignified president of the Harmony Club. Several impromptu and mirth-provoking speeches were made. One of the Limburgerites made the discovery that there were more vamps in the Harmony Club than in the Cheese Club, and she added, there was a reason—viz.: limburger cheese and onions. However we are hardly inclined to take this explanation at its face value.

The Home Circle held a box social Saturday night, April 9th, at Seymour Hall. All the deaf of Omaha and vicinity were invited. Over forty dollars poured into the treasury from the sale of boxes. Mrs. John O'Brien contributed two boxes, one for herself and the other for Mrs. Ota Blankenship, which sold for \$1.10 and \$6.00 respectively. An ever-sharp pencil was given to Joe Eckstrom, the highest bidder, and Mrs. Sprakes won the prize for the prettiest box. The proceeds will be used to defray expenses of a picnic to be given at Elmwood Park on May 30th, and again all the deaf will be invited. Visitors from a distance included Mr. and Mrs. Good, of Sioux City, Ia., Leslie Haurigan, of Fremont, John Kubat, of Crete, Neb., and Silas Morter, of Lyons. Mr. Morter left for home the following Monday, and on Tuesday came back in answer to a telegram from his fiancée, Miss Bessie Cline, of Crete. They were married in Omaha, by Rev. Chas. W. Savidge, and will reside on a farm at Lyons.

You have got to hand it to the deaf for arresting impostors who try to steal their reputation for being industrious, self-supporting citizens. The latest, who gave his name as George Russel, Greenleaf, Kansas, was caught at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John E. Tubrick, who were suspicious about his unfamiliarity with signs. An officer was called and in court the judge told him he had seen him too often at Central Station. At this instant the impostor said "guilty" and got thirty days in jail for vagrancy.

Riley Anthony and Frederick Hellstein purchased Fords recently. They both own their homes and have bright and healthy hearing children. Almost any ambitious young man can succeed if he will get a thrifty wife and an acre or two in Benson. HAL AND MEL.

Demands Deaf-Mute's Arrest for "Talking" About His Wife.

Albert De Mentone, who described himself as a pedagogue and said he lived at 1911 Maple Street, Philadelphia, gave the police of the 125th Street station something new to ponder yesterday, when he demanded the arrest of Maurice Harbaugh, who he declared was a student, on a charge of having used abusive language. It developed that Harbaugh is a deaf-mute who has never spoken a word in his life. De Mentone told the police he was riding with his wife on a subway train and Harbaugh, with several other young men, were occupants of the car. Because the car was crowded, De Mentone said, he had to keep his arm about his wife to prevent her from being thrown to the floor by jolting. Thereupon, he said, he observed Harbaugh, talking with his fingers, inform one of his friends that "Mrs. Harbaugh was 'some swell kid.'"

A conversation between the men ensued, De Mentone said, which was of such a nature that he interrupted Harbaugh and demanded that he cease discussing him and his wife.

The offender paid no attention to him, he complained, but continued to flick remarks with his fingers about Mrs. De Mentone's physical characteristics, these being intelligible to both Mr. and Mrs. De Mentone, who understand the deaf and dumb language and frequently use it themselves.

When the train reached 180th Street Harbaugh and his companion left, followed by De Mentone and his wife, who threatened them with arrest unless they went to the police station, which they smilingly agreed to do. Both men denied that any reference had been made in their sign converse to either De Mentone or his wife, insisting that they were carrying on a "privileged" communication on the matters relating to their own immediate party and that De Mentone was hypersensitive.

De Mentone admitted that he didn't understand how he was going to prove the conversation, as witnesses to the episode did not comprehend the deaf and dumb language. Harbaugh told the police that he and his friend had been talking Latin with their fingers. He thought this had confused De Mentone. The station desk man urged all parties to forget it because of the congested state of the courts.

OREGON.

The lava beds of the Northwest are honeycombed with wonderful caves of all sizes. Some formations are possibly only a century or more old while others date back to the ice age, or the tropic age when all the north was the tropics. They are impossible of description in a short article, the architecture being fantastic in form and color. The Shoshone Falls of Snake River in Idaho, carved out of lava rock, are reader of observation than Niagara Falls, if not as easy of access. The first set of falls averages 30 feet deep, while the second is over 210 feet deep. In flood time the majesty of rushing water is impressive, the whole waterscape being observable at any point.

Twenty miles from Bend, Central Oregon, is Ice Cave or Ice Farm, fifteen miles from the nearest known water, and located on the crest of a little ridge about 4000 feet in elevation. A few rods from the opening is a floor of pure ice, the bin being as large as a good-sized room and of unknown depth. Beyond is another of equal size. The supply is inexhaustible, for the ice reforms constantly.

Mr. and Mrs. Theirman, of St. Paul, Minn., are coming back to Oregon. They have learned that the earthly paradise is in Oregon.

Mr. W. E. and Mrs. Bessie Taylor Wait, of Wichita, Kansas, welcomed last month another boy baby. They now have 8—count them—8 kids. Will now regrets selling his fine Pratt County farm, and is now hunting for another to buy or rent. High wages in town are seductive, but frequent unemployment and the cost of living in rented apartments, on groceries, make high wages look like 30 cents in the end. William, better come to Oregon, buy a 25-acre poultry, fruit or garden tract, grow every thing yourself, give the kids the chance to gambol every 365 days of the year, hunt and fish and keep young to the 100th year. Think it over.

Alex. C. and Jessie McQuiddy Dreyer, of Topeka, Kansas, miss the realization of anticipated cherry pie. Their hope was blasted by an early frost. Out here we have pie all the time, from variety of fruit as fine as cherry.

Ralph Copp, of Los Angeles, California, has sent a Portland girl a photo of himself in fighting togs. He is Silent Frank Cooper.

William Sam, of San Francisco, California, no longer roves, for a strong attraction chains him down.

Martha Kruse White now has an acousticon. Instruments now on the market, so far as known, have not been perfected to the point of giving universal satisfaction. But nothing is impossible, and some day not very distant, we all will hear understandingly and easily.

Roy Hawley, getting a lay off, hoboed south to California line with George Thomas, to bring back his Ford bug. At Salem he was arrested. The bug being held, Roy was released to get a new license, etc.

Bud Hastings has now risen to be foreman of a night shift at the furniture factory.

James B. George, the barber, has received a letter from his old friend, Washington Houston, of 4811 Griscom Street, Frankford, Pennsylvania. Mr. Houston has worked 27 years for Henry Distant & Sons at the big saw and tool plant at Frankford. They have installed in a lumber mill in Washington, the two largest circular saws in the world, 108 inches in diameter. Mr. Houston will be 75 years old next May, and claims to be the oldest Frat social member. J. B. George has urged his friend to support Portland in 1925, during the Atlantic Pacific Highways and Electrical Exposition as the logical place for conventions of the national organizations of the deaf. Correct idea.

Walter George, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. George, is taking vocational training in auto mechanics, under government expense, in the Oregon School of Technology of the local Y. M. C. A.

Mrs. Isabella Jeffcott, sister of J. B. George, has gone to her home in Los Angeles, after nursing her sister-in-law, at Seattle, since September, and visiting a week in Portland.

Orson Fay is a joker. He asked the reporter if he wanted to see a freak calf, without eyes or ears. It proved to be the calf of his left leg. But what about the right leg? He was in a hotel one night and left a call for an early morning train. The clerk, unable to open the door and peeping over the transom, failed to waken O. F. with paper pellets, so he got a baked potato and hit O. F. on the noodle. Now remember to keep a supply of baked potatoes on hand.

Mrs. Ora Lamoreaux Fay had an experience with crossed electric wires that worked to her financial advantage. She was ironing and had turned off the switch to look after the baby. Returning, she sighted flames bursting from the fixture in the ceiling and was trying to find whether the switch was off, when the iron exploded, a bolt struck her hand and arm, burning them black and darted along her spine. Mother love actuated her to

seize the baby and flee. Neighbors came and helped. The company had to pay a good round sum, from which she bought the present bungalow. She has never entirely recovered from the shock.

Fred Kuhn, of Seattle, may row down the brook of life towards the setting sun with a mate early in summer.

Ralph Pickett has so far recovered from his sickness that he could go to work in Wheeler.

Jack Bertram is a fine poultry fancier. He has won prizes at the poultry shows. The reporter is no chicken fancier.

Ora Duce, after roaming the streets nights, has at last got transportation to his home in Cardston, Alberta, Canada. His father turned a deaf ear to his appeals, wanting him to make his own way. The Public Welfare bureau telegraphed the true situation. Duce is young and athletic, and it is hoped he has learned the value of saving money and of holding on to a steady job. Even if it does not pay as well as seasonal, occasional work, George Cosgrove has come to the conclusion that an unstable, unsteady job pays. He has shipped as helper to the pantry cook on a coastwise steamer.

Helen McCord Delaney is down with neuralgia.

H. P. Nelson has been hatching chix. He expects a pen of goslings of the golden egg. He has put in a garden, and will have fresh sass the year round.

H. P. Nelson expects to make a trip in August or September to Michigan. He wants to see his sister whom he last saw 22 years ago when she was 3 years old. He will make side trips into Canada and hopes to meet all the deaf in Detroit, but he is coming back to Oregon.

Robert Adkins is still working in the Vancouver shipyard.

Jacob Garberson was sent to the County Hospital, to have an operation to clear obstructions in his nose and to remove tonsils.

Supt. E. O. Tillinghast, of the School for Deaf at Salem, was in town the first of the week and held a conference at Hotel Multnomah with the State committee on organization and entertainment of the convention to be held at the School July 1, 2, 3 and 4. Burd L. Craven is the chairman and J. O. Reichle is the secretary. An extensive and varied program of entertainment and business was worked out, the Board having given its consent and support. The reunion of former pupils and the Convention of the State Association of the Deaf will be a big success. A reception, a banquet, a public entertainment, a showing of the handwork of the deaf, a money exhibit of 1,000 to 15,000 feet of noted persons in action, and a picnic, will be the features. The school paper will publish the details in full and mail out folders with full information to all the deaf in the State. The meeting was enthusiastic. It is planned to boost Portland in 1925, during the world's fair, as the logical place for the Convention of the National organizations of the deaf in 1924, 1925 and 1926.

Some of us are selfish, and the most selfish are those of us who congregate by ourselves and exclude others. In the past all socials have been mainly sectarian and clannish. Unless we all co-operate, our wishes and aims in certain directions are bound to fail. Whenever there is a meeting for the general good; turn out in full force. You help and presence is appreciated.

THEO. C. MULLER.

April 11, 1921.

FANWOOD.

Most of pupils went home last Friday and returned the following Monday. They will go home again to-day and stay home until May 2d. The Provisional Company will give an extraordinary exhibition at the 12th Regiment Armory, on May 14th. The new drill method, called "silent drill," will be used there.

Last week, the Palette and Brush Club held their regular monthly meeting. The object of the gathering concerned the arrangements for the coming Commencement in June. The members will do their best for the art exhibition.

Mr. James H. Quinn and Mr. August Herdfelder were visitors here last Thursday. Both Mr. Quinn and Mr. Herdfelder are graduates of the High Class of this school.

Cadet Lieutenant John Spellman was honored by a visit from his two sisters last week. One of his sisters, Mildred, is a deaf-mute and has attended here. She will again enter as a pupil in the fall. A number of her playmates enjoyed chatting with her.

Cadet Captain Eddie Malloy, the one-mile champion runner of this school, started his training last Thursday on the Hudson riverside lawn, property of this Institution. Most of the boys participated in the training and will try to beat the champion runner at the F. A. A. track meet on May 30th.

Next week Lieut. F. Lux, with some assistants, will choose the boys for the relay team, sack-of-war squad, tunnel ball, tug-of-war, centipede race, wrestling match, etc.

C. M.

NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

On Tuesday evening, April 19th, the members of St. Ann's Parish gave a reception in honor of their new Vicar, Rev. John H. Kent, and his wife.

Ever since it was announced last month that Mr. Kent had been elected to the vicar's seat, his parishioners had been making plans to commemorate his rise to that rank. Also, they desired to emphasize the fact that the selection of Mr. Kent as vicar was a popular choice as well as the studied choice of certain church officials. Subscriptions had been coming in from the parishioners for over three weeks, without either Mr. Kent or his wife suspecting what was going on. They, the committee on arrangements, began fussing with the scenery in the Parish Hall without as much as asking the Vicar for permission, and that worthy gentleman got a hunch that something unusual was afoot. But what it actually was to be like, he did not know until it went and happened.

The committee was headed by Mr. Edward Elsworth. William G. Jones was made treasurer. Several young men and young ladies assisted with the decorating. The auditorium in the basement, after a day's work on it, presented itself to view all bedecked with flags of all kinds and with festoons of green and white crepe paper on the ceiling. Seats were placed to accommodate 200, but it was discovered too that more than that number were present on Tuesday evening.

The first to arrive were twenty of thirty youthful cadets from Fanwood, in bright new uniforms, with their ears washed and everything. The assembly hall on the ground floor became filled with people in a very few minutes, and filled up again almost as soon as the first comers had passed on to the auditorium. Among the distinguished guests were the Rev. Dr. Arthur L. Judge, rector of St. Matthew's Church, and Mrs. Judge, the Rev. Mr. Peckham, his vicar, and the Misses Virginia and Elizabeth Gallaudet.

Mr. and Mrs. Kent arrived on the scene at the proper time—that is, when everybody was beginning to look for them. They were met by the master of ceremonies, Prof. William G. Jones, and escorted to a small platform at one side of the room. There they stood for a few minutes shaking hands with the guests who filed past one by one.

After this ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Kent seated themselves on the only two chairs on the platform, the Vicar wearing the merry look of Old King Cole.

Professor Jones then claimed the attention of the audience, and delivered a speech appropriate to the occasion. In his vivid, humorous style, he commented upon Mr. Kent's progress during eighteen years of devotion to church work in this city, and praised the spirit of stubborn persistence with which Mr. Kent had carried himself through his studies for the ministry in spite of discouraging circumstances. Prof. Jones also included Mrs. Kent in his eulogy, as the faithful helpmeet of Mr. Kent and provider of the daily culinary nourishment that keeps him in trim for his work.

At the conclusion of his speech, Prof. Jones presented the Vicar with a large black leather suitcase for use when holding his out-of-town services. To Mrs. Kent he presented a purse of forty dollars, to use either personally or in connection with her household expenses, according to her own choice. Both gifts were from the parish subscriptions, as well as the expenses of the evening.

The next half hour was taken up by speeches by other officials present. Miss Virginia B. Gallaudet, as president of the Woman's Parish Aid Society, represented the society in an appreciation of Mr. and Mrs. Kent's helpful efforts and influence. Dr. Edwin A. Nies, president of the Men's Club, spoke for that body. Miss Mabel Hall carried the good word from the V. B. G. A. A. The Brooklyn Guild was represented by Mr. Archibald McLaren. Further honor was done to Mr. Kent in a lengthy and inspiring talk by Dr. Judge, translated into signs by Miss Gallaudet. Dr. Judge made it plain to us that Mr. Kent's work is drawing as favorable comment among the hearing clergy as it is among the deaf population. The Rev. Mr. Peckham added a few words in his turn, as a colleague and personal friend of Mr. Kent.

A telegram, which had been withheld from Mr. Kent since afternoon, was now handed to him. It was from Boston, and conveyed the greetings and good wishes of Rev. Mr. Hefflon and his congregation in the city of baked beans and brown bread.

The crowning event of the evening was the refreshments, which consisted of chicken salad, sandwiches, brick ice cream, and coffee.

The size of the crowd—there were more than 250 present—made the serving slow, but everybody got served in the end. The rest of the evening was taken up in general all-around conversation, in the renewing of old acquaintances, and in taking a look at the fine purple-lined black travelling bag that had been given to Mr. Kent, as mentioned above. The Vicar's initials are stamped in gold on the top of this suitcase, to advertise him to the rest of the world. It is our hope that the fame of his useful career will become known even more widely than it is known in these parts. And it should spread, for with his advancement to the position of Vicar, Mr. Kent takes up responsibilities and opportunities that have hitherto been vested in other men. With Mrs. Kent still there to look after the domestic end of his existence and to encourage activities in the women's sphere of the parish, there is no doubt that he will serve as effectively while Vicar as he did when he was curate.

N. A. D.

All Aboard! Everything is now ready for the Big Grand Ball of the Greater N. Y. Branch of the National Association of the Deaf this Saturday evening, April 30th.

Every live awake deaf-mute will be there. Unless you consider yourself "different" from the rest of us, YOU cannot afford to be counted out.

Come to the Ball, and incidentally help a worthy cause—YOUR cause and ours.

The Place: Yorkville Casino, Main Ball Room, 210 East 86th St. near 34 Avenue.

The Date:—SATURDAY evening, APRIL 30th, 1921.

Each for all; all for each; all together—Let's Go!

XAVIER ALLIED NOTES.

Last Sunday's opening of the Mission to the Catholic Deaf, being given during the current week—each evening, 8 to 9—was a surprise to even those who have been concerned with the progress of the Xavier Catholic Deaf for forty years past. Rev. Ferdinand Moeller, S. J., long associated with the deaf, and royal friend of all the deaf, was tendered an enthusiastic welcome. Assembling in the College Theatre the exercises opened with a stereoscopic review of the life of Our Lord, and views of the progress among Ephpheta Centres in Chicago, Toledo, the South and far away Waratah, N. S. W. It was a treat to note among Chicago Ephphetans the features of such notables as Toomey, Novotny, O'Brien, the Misses Bourse, Katen, Hopping, et al, and the wonderful blind deaf man, Mr. Selby.

Rev. Father Dalton introduced the Rev. Missionary, and later, all adjourned to the Lower Church, where Father Moeller explained the object of a Mission, the purpose for which were created, and the good to come to those making a Mission faithfully. With the story of an automobile owner about to set out on a journey, he aptly recalled how careful the chauffeur was to note every part of the machine was in order. So the object of a Mission. Through life it was well for us to stop "speeding" as time passed, and consult with our spiritual selves, to discover if we were keeping fit and in accord with the purpose of Him who created us.

The close of the Mission occurs next Sunday afternoon, with the bestowal of the papal blessing and benediction. Alex. Pach will take hold at the conclusion, and has promised to show up Ephphetans and their friends handsomely in a panoramic reproduction.

President Cosgrove and a corps of assistants won favor at the opening, by the way they kept the five hundred attendance moving without a jar.

H. A. D. NOTES

"Movies" again held away here last Sunday evening, the 24th, with the usually large attendance, among whom we noticed many pupils from the Lexington Avenue, Fanwood and 23rd Street Schools.

Services in celebration of the Passover holiday will be held at the S. W. J. D. Building this Friday evening, April 29th. Rev. A. J. Amateau will deliver the sermon.

SILENT ATHLETIC CLUB

The various rumors being circulated among the deaf community purporting that the membership of the Silent Athletic Club is dwindling, and that the progress and activities of its membership is diminishing, is a misapprehension and is branded as an extreme falsehood.

The Silent Athletic Club boys are together to "do or die." A revelation of the activities of the club at its last regular monthly meeting, which was held on the 20th of April, proves to show that all the members are coadjutant in making the S. A. C. the premier deaf-mute Athletic Club of Greater New York.

Mr. Lincoln Schindler, Chairman of the Outing and Games Committee, announces June 25th, as the date of the outing, and, of course, Ulmer Park will be the place of the

outing grounds. We will endeavor to give full particulars in our next letter.

It was proposed to hold a Mask and Fancy Dress Ball some time during the Fall, and the enthusiasm of the members to get in line and "give a hand" in anything that is proposed and deemed worthy of consideration, demonstrated that the interest of the members is at its zenith since these ugly rumors have been afloat.

Don't forget to attend the Spring Dance and entertainment on Saturday evening, May 28th, at the American Legion Hall, 123 Schermerhorn Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The S. A. C. doors are open at all times to visitors, and the boys are sure of giving you a cordial welcome.

Mrs. Henry L. Juhring died early Friday morning, April 23d, at her residence, 407 Quincy Street, Brooklyn, in her 80th year. Up to the preceding Tuesday she had been in the best of health and her usual gay spirits. Tuesday, while not complaining, it was evident she was not well. During the next few days she grew worse, and Thursday sank into unconsciousness, from which she never awoke, passing away early Friday morning.

The funeral was held at her residence Sunday evening. Rev. John H. Kent conducted the service in signs and orally, and delivered a brief eulogy. The body rested in a handsome casket, of gray broadcloth, lined with white satin.

Numerous floral offerings surrounded the casket, among them being a wreath from the Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes and from the Woman's Parish Aid Society.

Interment was in Mt. Olivet Cemetery.

On April 16th, the girls of the "Bluebird Club" had their first outing since it has been organized. They visited Chinatown in sight-seeing bus with Miss Berry, a teacher at Fanwood, acting as their chaperon. Chinatown was rather interesting and they especially enjoyed their trip, since the guide gave them some very interesting information about the city. They thought it very strange that in the evening of the very same day there was a riot in Chinatown, and they felt sorry not to have seen it.

Coincidentally, there was a restaurant of the same name as their club at which they had a good meal. Indeed, they felt proud to have it named after them.

After that they saw "Queen of Sheba," a motion picture play. On the whole they spent a very pleasant day; went home, happily, like "Bluebirds."

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Seely, of Buffalo, gave an elegant dinner of seven covers, Friday evening, two weeks ago, for Mr. Charles McMann, of New York.

Mrs. Joseph Schultz is spending the holiday week at Monticello, New York, in the Catskills, and is having a pleasant rest. Mother Nature is wonderful there during springtime.

Mr. Arnold A. Cohn is mourning the loss of his beloved father, who passed into eternal sleep Saturday, April 16th, 1921, at the age of 69 years.

Catherine Gass, beloved daughter of James B. and Mary F. L. Gass, died on Saturday, April 23d, of Diphtheria.

NEWARK MASK BALL.

Despite the rainy weather on Saturday evening, April 23d, 1921, there was a crowd of about eleven hundred attending the annual masquerade ball given by the New Jersey Deaf-Mutes Society at Krueger's Auditorium in Newark, N. J.

Mr. Julius Aaron being the Chairman, and ably assisted by Mr. Albert Balmuth, had the ball running on a smooth basis without any mishaps, and proved that their efforts turned the affair into a worthy success.

The masqueraders did a prominent part in passing the evening around into a jolly occasion. Three hearing and two deaf-mute judges decided the fourteen winners of prizes, and to our utmost surprise, the Mayor of Newark, the Hon. Gillen, was present, so he was invited on the stage to address the crowd, and the prizes were presented to the winners with praise by the Mayor.

The following is a list of winners and what they wore:

1. Emma Ward.....Venus
2. The Conners.....Frolic Girls
3. Josie Kulikowska.....Cigarette Girl
4. Mrs. C. Koster.....Balloons
5. Catherine Spahn.....Butterfly
6. Mary Siegel.....Gypsy
7. Baby Miller.....Angel

1. Joseph Lykes.....Wild Cannibal
2. Chas. Schindler.....Clown on Horseback
3. Joe Nolan.....Highlander
4. W. A. Wilson.....Turk
5. W. G. Manek.....Arab
6. E. Bedford.....Toreador
7. James Avenus.....New Woman

The prizes for both sexes consumed fifty dollars in cash.

Note that the Society is the first organization in New Jersey to have a Mayor present. New York deaf-mute clubs never had any.

The music was wonderfully played by Basile's Jazz Band of nine pieces—one young lady playing the xylophone. The writer, Jack Seltzer, wishes Johnny Uhl, the only deaf-mute xylophone player, to take notice of this. He was bred at Fanwood from childhood till he attained his majority, and graduated with honors, being the only deaf-mute ever known to operate an instrument as stated above.

The playing of Home, Sweet Home, brought sweet memories to our thoughts and had us depart for such place in the wee sma' hours.

The New Jersey Deaf-Mute Society has ninety-seven members, and the 1921 officers are: President, John M. Black; Vice-President, George C. Brede; Recording Secretary, F. W. Hoppage; Financial Secretary, A. W. Shaw; Treasurer, C. A. Bradley; Sergeant-at-Arms, Frank Penrose. JACK SELTZER.

St. Louis Briefs

Mrs. and Miss Deem have moved to 1548 South Theresa Avenue, a few doors farther south of their former residence, a few steps nearer Gallaudet School, where Miss Deem teaches.

Mr. Fred W. Stockieck and Miss Margaret O'Hare were married on April 2d, by the Rev. Dr. Cloud. A few days later the friends of the bride gave her a "shower" at the residence of Mrs. Hugh Stack.

Mr. A. O. Steidemann will give a lecture at St. Thomas' Mission on the evening of May 8th. This is a special number, not listed on the regular program. So do not miss the worth-while event.

Miss Annie M. Roper has been appointed to serve as chairman for St. Thomas' Mission in the National Wide Campaign. Her co-workers on the Committee are Messrs. C. W. Haig, Leo Froning, A. H. Brockmann and Mrs. G. W. Arnot. Miss Amy Fowler, of the Arkansas School, spent a week-end in St. Louis recently, and of course visited Gallaudet School. She was accompanied by a lady friend, who until recently was a teacher in the Nebraska School.

* Miss Etta Rederer, whose marriage to Mr. Jerry Epstein, of Milwaukee, on May 4th, is announced, was tendered a sort of farewell and good, luck reception, at her home on a recent evening. Miss Rederer will be missed from the local silent community, but being that Milwaukee wants her, St. Louis must needs give her up.

The mother of Mr. E. Harden died recently at an advanced age. She was well known to the host of friends of the Harden family. The Rev. Dr. Cloud officiated at the funeral, assisted by one of the Cathedral clergy. Grandsons of Mrs. Harden acted as pall bearers.

Mr. E. A. Stevenson, Superintendent of the Kansas State School for the Deaf at Olathe, accompanied by Mrs. Stevenson, stopped over for a day recently and visited at Gallaudet School and the Central Institute. Mrs. Stevenson is no stranger in St. Louis as she was a teacher at Gallaudet School prior to her marriage. The stop at St. Louis was the last Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson could make in an extended itinerary, which included several State institutions. Their many friends here regret their visit could not be stretched so as to include the School entertainment. The Kansas School is most fortunate in having Supt. and Mrs. Stevenson—well trained, experienced, capable, interested, progressive and enthusiastic. More appropriations for the School and more latitude for the Stevenson ideals in the profession.

The forty-second anniversary entertainment and hop given under the auspices of the teachers, pupils and patrons of Gallaudet School, at Strassberger Hall, on the evening of April 16th, surpassed all previous records as regards attendance. Standing room only was at a premium by the time the curtain rose, and the attendance continued to increase until near "the eleventh hour." The program, like Gaul, was divided into three parts—Gallaudet pupils taking the first part as follows:

Maypole Dance Games.....Primary Pupils
Folk Dance.....Intermediate Girls
"Chebogar".....Romanian Polka
The Alphabet.....Intermediate Boys
Rhythm Work and Song.....
.....Intermediate Class
A Dance "Czardas".....
.....Grace Grant, Ruth Merkle
Sword Dance.....Advanced Boys

The second part was given by pupils from a local school of fancy dancing, and the third part was general dancing until midnight. The program was carried through without a hitch. The numbers were short and full of pep. Everybody was satisfied. Miss Clara L. Steidemann had general charge of this year's program in which she was ably assisted by Misses Herdman, Roper, Deem and Mrs. Wolpert. The advance sales of tickets by pupils averaged well, while new records for individual sales were made by Sylvester Koebel, Oliver Laursieck and Carl Hiken.

PHILADELPHIA.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1588 North Dove Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Silent Athletic Club of Philadelphia came into the light of the public again by holding its second annual ball in concert hall of the Grand Fraternity building, 1626 Arch Street, on Saturday evening, April 23d. The showery weather of the day continued in the evening and may have affected the attendance, which was somewhat under two hundred. However, it was "dry" enough for those inside the hall and the ball rolled through as enjoyably as could be expected. The hall was roomy enough to make the dancing more enjoyable than it might otherwise have been. The dances were seventeen in number and included all the latest steps.

The music was furnished by Prof. McGhee's orchestra, which has catered to the deaf on several similar occasions in the past and in each instance proved highly satisfactory.

Those from out of town who attended the ball were:—Miss Grace Eaton, Miss Beatrice Osserman, Messrs. Charles Schatzkin, Osmond Loew, Frank Nimmo and Lawrence Timer, of New York; Mr. and Mrs. Theo. B. Scudder and Mrs. Misses Florence Johnson, and Ida Ellingsworth and Mr. Harry L. Coulston, of Wilmington, Del.; Arthur L. Finch, of Detroit, Mich.; Miss Elizabeth Hassett, of Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Albert Doby, of Pottsville, Pa.; Miss Clara Breese, of Eatontown, N. J.; Mr. Cloyd Drolsbaugh, of Scranton, Pa., and Mr. Robert T. Young, of Sellersville, Pa.

The present Board of Governors of the Silent Athletic Club consists of the following persons: President John A. Roach; Vice President, L. Jennings; Secretary, William K. Clayton; Treasurer, William E. Rothmund. The Ball Committee consisted of Louis C. Lovett, Chairman; John E. Dunner, Albert W. Wolf, Earl Du Gan and Francis J. O'Donnell. Floor Committee: James L. Jennings, Chairman; Albert Messa and Elmer E. Scott.

BELLEFONTE, April 18.—William Doak, a deaf and blind man who has long been a familiar figure on the streets of the town, died at the local hospital at 10.30 o'clock this morning, from the effects of injuries he received on Thursday when he was run over by an automobile. Mr. Doak lived with William Frederick and family on top the hill on South Allegheny street. He was accustomed to going down town about 8 o'clock in the morning.

There is a garage with an entrance on the street. Just as Mr. Doak came along F. L. Davis, of Johnstown, a traveling man, drove out of the garage. He had given a signal but Mr. Doak could not hear it. He was struck and the machine ran over him. At the hospital it was a first through that he was not badly injured, but internal injuries were later discovered.

Mr. Doak when a lad placed some lime quick in a bottle of water, and in the resulting explosion lost his sight and hearing. He was about fifty years of age. He was leaves two sisters, Mrs. Carrie Metzger, of Easton; Mrs. Boyd Rearick, of Evansville, Indiana; and a brother, John, in the west.—Reported.

The Board of Managers of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf held a stated meeting at the home of President Reider on Friday evening, April 22d. The following managers were present: Jas. S. Reider, President; John A. Roach, Second Vice-President; R. M. Ziegler, Secretary; Alexander S. McGhee, Treasurer; D. Ellis Lit and William McKinney. Mr. J. Add. McIlvaine, Secretary of the Board of Trustees of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf, was invited and sat through with the Board. His presence was desired to explain some matter in connection with the Home. Among other business transacted by the Board was the re-election of Messrs. John Hart, Lyman Steed and D. Ellis Lit, to succeed themselves as Trustees of the Home from June first, and fixing the date of the next annual meeting of the Society in Pittsburgh as September 2d, 3d and 4th, inclusive. It is understood that these dates accord with the choice of the deaf people of Pittsburgh. September 6th, being Labor Day, the members of the convention and visitors may be asked to remain over the day with the Alumni Society of the Western Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf. If so, the Committee on Arrangements will announce it with the program of the meeting. We can not announce more than the above at present, so watch for future announcements.

Miss Mildred McCready gave some recitations before the Clerical Literary Association last Thursday evening, April 21st.

The Beth Israel Association for the Deaf held no meeting on Sunday, April 24th, on account of the Passover holiday. Mr. D. Ellis Lit addressed the Association on the previous Sunday.

A social and dance under the auspices of the Ladies' Committee of the Beth Israel Association for the Deaf will be held at the Grand Fraternity, 1626 Arch Street, on Saturday evening, May 7th. Admission will be twenty-five cents. All will be welcome.

The humorous play, entitled "The Village Gossips," will be presented at All Souls' Parish House next Saturday evening, April 30th. Admission twenty-five cents. Come to enjoy a good time and to "boost" the Coal Fund.

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OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 939 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

April 23, 1921.—Mr. Lester Delos Waite died in this city Monday, and his remains were sent to Chillicothe, Ohio, for burial. He was a graduate of the school here and of Gallaudet College in 1877, where he received the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy. On completing his college course he came to this city to live, and was employed for many years in the County Recorder's office as a clerk.

He was married to a hearing lady of Chillicothe, and three children—two boys and a girl—were the fruit of the union. Later Mr. Waite lost his position through political changes. For a score of years past he had been acting as clerk to the Superintendent of the County Infirmary, a couple of miles south of the city, and during that time scarcely ever mingled with old friends in the city. He was a fine writer, and could, it so disposed, wield a ready pen. He was able to speak fairly well. Whether all of his immediate family is still living we do not know, but have been told that his children are grown up, and that they and their mother are living in Chillicothe.

Charles Robbins last Monday went to a physician's office to consult him as to some ailment he was suffering from. After an examination the doctor took him to a hospital, as an operation was necessary, without notifying his patient's wife. Meanwhile the latter became anxious of her husband's absence and had friends make inquiry of his whereabouts. A day or so later a card came from him, notifying her of his whereabouts.

Baseball fans have been anything but happy hereabouts, because of the rainy weather most of the week. The Columbus club was to have opened the season here Thursday with the Governor of State May of the city, and all the fans were to have been at the game, but the rain of the previous night put the grounds in no condition for use. Friday more rain. Saturday, today, still more rain. It is doubtful if the Louisville team, which came to open the series, will be able to play a game here until the next series.

The class of '22 honored the class of '21 with a dinner last Friday evening. The affair took place in the domestic science dining room. The place cards were decorated with some pet scheme or hobby of the person for whom intended, and were of course comical. The menu consisted of chicken patties, scalloped potatoes, cold slaw, hot rolls, grape-jelly, ice-cream, cakes, coffee, and, needless to add, was relished by all—all the members before sitting down put on crepe-paper caps of various colors and thus the crowd presented a queer spectacle. After the meal came toasts and games until 8:30 o'clock, when the party broke up, but not before the class of '21 expressed its thanks to their juniors for the pleasant affair, it had been given and to the Domestic Science girls for the preparation of the fine eats and to Misses Hoover and Wagner, their chaperons.

If any one visiting the Home for the Deaf at the last reunion, lost a brooch with six gems in the form of a cross at each end, and white head and neck of a woman in the middle. She can get the same by writing to Mr. Conrad Zorbaugh, Rto 4, Westerville, Ohio.

He found the article recently and he is waiting to hear from the owner.

Hogs and calves, to the amount of \$51.30, were recently sold by Superintendent Chapman of the Home.

Mrs. David Williams, of Akron, is in Columbus, visiting her parents in the North end. Her husband was among the lucky ones of the Goodyear Company, being the only deaf man in his department to have had work all the year round. He is a member of the Flying Squadron 11.

Harry Romoser, the contracting painter, with his two deaf men, Messrs. Volp and Crossen, finished the job they began last January this week. It is a residence on Franklin Avenue, which underwent interior improvements, painting inside and exterior. Mr. Romoser has also been engaged by Mrs. Joseph Leib to repaint her house on Ohio Avenue.

A. B. G.

Death Calls Dr. Argo.

Funeral services for Dr. William K. Argo, for 23 years superintendent of the Colorado School for the Deaf and Blind, who died yesterday, will be held tomorrow afternoon at 3.30 o'clock. The services will be held in the administration building at the school. It has been requested that no flowers be sent.

Though Dr. Argo had been ill six weeks, his passing came as a shock of surprise to his countless friends. Death came at 11:35 yesterday morning. And throughout the state, and in other States, where deaf and blind who were graduates of the Colorado School—live, and particularly in Colorado Springs, there was mourning. The deaf and blind over all the nation, it was declared, had lost perhaps their best friend, and the man who had achieved most in making their lot and the lot of like unfortunates a more happy one in life.

He was considered one of the country's greatest educators in this work. Colorado Springs has lost one of its foremost citizens. He had been active in all the worth-while efforts looking toward community betterment. And among educators of every phase of scholastic activity he was known and loved as a man, and honored for his forward-thinking, progressive ideas and ideals.

Friends expressed satisfaction, however, last night, mingled with their expressions of mourning, that Dr. Argo had lived to see a dream fulfilled—the Colorado School for the Deaf and Blind a mighty institution, known in other states as the best of its kind, and its modern methods followed everywhere for good of those who have not sight or hearing. When he came to the school in 1898, as acting superintendent, it was small, poorly equipped, not considered of great importance by Colorado's citizenship, or its legislatures. There were only 12 acres of grounds, and buildings too few for the work to be done. It has been under his supervision, and largely because of his activity, that the great plant has an administration building and an addition to the hospital, where contagious cases can be treated, all were built in his regime.

And the last general assembly appropriated \$100,000 for completion of a fine gymnasium—something which Dr. Argo, always holding that physical training was an invaluable adjunct to the scholastic training of his charges, had urged for years.

Dr. Argo came to the school from Kentucky, where he was born, and where he attended old Center College, at Danville. After he was graduated he taught school for a while, and then became associated with the Kentucky School for the Deaf at Danville. Dr. C. Dudley was superintendent of that institution then, and when he was called to become superintendent of the Colorado School for the Deaf and Blind, he recommended that Dr. Argo, who already had shown high ability in such work, be his successor. Dr. Argo served in that capacity until 1894, when he resigned to devote himself to research work, so that he might be equipped for taking a leading place in the training of the deaf and blind—a duty State and the National government were recognizing in greater measure than ever before. In 1898 he was called to Colorado to succeed Mr. Dudley, who went from here to California.

Dr. Argo was president of the American Association of Instructors of the Blind—an office tendered him in recognition of his fame as an educator. In Colorado Springs he was president of the Winter Night Club, and active in the work of the Chamber of Commerce. He was an elder and active worker in the First Presbyterian Church, also. Dr. Samuel Garvin, pastor of the church, will preach the funeral sermon. The following will be honorary and active pallbearers:

Honorary—W. J. China. Dr. Hubert Work, Charles J. Sebrader, Asa T. Jones, J. Alfred Ritter, W. H. Young, L. H. Gowdy, H. H. Shellenberger, Dr. F. L. Dennis.

Active—A. L. Brown, P. A. Smoll, H. M. Harbert, J. W. Taylor, G. W. Veditz, H. G. Schif, O. H. Hill, George H. Hemus.

Dr. Argo's body will be cremated and the ashes will be buried, with private ceremonies, in Evergreen Cemetery, Monday afternoon.

The widow, Isabella C. Argo, survives. Dr. Argo's two sons, William and Robert, both died in the last three years and his grief is said to have undermined his health, hastening his death.—Colorado Springs Gazette, April 15.

Religious Notice

Baptist Evangelist to the Deaf. Will answer all calls.

WANTING J. W. MICHAELS, Fort Smith, Ark.

Baltimore Methodist Deaf-Mute Mission.

Rev. D. E. Moylan, Pastor, 751 Dolphin Street.

Rev. J. A. Brunkoff, Assistant, 514 N. Paulist Street.

Services at Christ M. E. Church for the Deaf, Pierce Street, corner of Schroeder Street, every Sunday at 3:30 P. M. Sunday School at 12:30 P. M. Week day meetings every Thursday evening at eight o'clock, except during July and August. Holy Communion first Sunday each month. Everybody welcome.

Have a Cup of Coffee?

There is a long story to be told of coffee in Brazil. It is drunk and very generally appreciated. They have splendid coffee in Brazil. It is all dripped coffee, and is not only much stronger than what we drink here, but of a much finer aroma. The grains are parched in a covered vessel or cylinder till they are nearly as black as charcoal. Some people before taking it off this fire burn a little brown sugar stirred in the coffee, both to give it a special flavor and also to give a gloss to the grains. Then these are ground very fine, as ordinary corn meal, and put away in tight vessels for use. But what is better than the mill is a common old-fashioned mortar of wood and a wooden pestle two inches thick and four feet long. This reduces the grains to a beautiful powder ready to yield up to the hot water the maximum per cent of its strength.

Coffee in Brazil is not boiled. The fine powder is put into a cone-shaped cloth strainer (the best ones are made of flannel) and the boiling water is poured over it, and caught again in the pot placed below. Then, if the temperature has been reduced too much for the best drinking purposes, this is placed in a broader one with boiling water to bring the coffee to a point a little below boiling. If the liquid coffee thus made is allowed to boil, the taste is radically changed.

In Brazil every body drinks coffee, the men, the women and the children, and frequently a baby a few months old. The first thing after rising in the morning is a calico of dripped coffee. Or if one has servants and does not have to rise early, a cup of coffee will be served while one is still in bed.

Then at every meal during the day the inevitable small cup of coffee will be served. Also between meals, almost at any moment, it is in order to pass coffee, especially if some one has come in. Visitors may always expect to be served with coffee and they are not expected to lay before this occurs. In the banks and more important offices there are usually arrangements for having coffee served during the period of daily work. Other persons will have their mid-time coffee at some cafe with one or more friends. Indeed, at almost any moment it is in order for one to invite his friends into a cafe for a cup of coffee. In Brazil much of the friendly cordiality, as also much business, is promoted around the coffee cup.—John Bruce, in *Normal Instructor*.

Rev. Ferdinand A. Moeller, S.J.
of St. Louis, Mo.

WILL GIVE A MISSION IN THE SIGN LANGUAGE TO CATHOLIC DEAF-MUTES

In the Church of St. Francis Xavier

16th Street, near 8th Avenue

NEW YORK

Beginning Sunday, April 24th, at 8 P.M., and Ending Sunday, May 1st, 1921.

Come and bring your friends.

INSURANCE

Fire
Life
Accident
Burglary
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Automobile
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OF THE

Silent Athletic Club
OF GREATER NEW YORK

—AT—

American Legion Hall
123 Schermerhorn Street
2 doors from Smith St. BROOKLYN

Saturday Evening, May 28th

TICKETS Magic Entertainment
50 CENTS MUSIC

Take 7th Avenue Subway to Borough Hall or Hoyt Street Station. Walk two blocks south to Schermerhorn Street. Smith Street is between Hoyt and Borough Hall.

—COMMITTEE—

T. J. Cosgrove, Chairman
J. D. Buckley H. Goldberg
J. Landan F. Walker
S. E. Pachter J. Rudolph
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Something New and Unique

Indoor Field Athletics and Games

under the auspices of

WOMAN'S PARISH AID SOCIETY

FOR THE BUILDING FUND

Saturday Evening, Oct. 14th

(Particulars later.)

MUTT & JEFF
Entertainment

auspices

Hebrew Association of the Deaf

40 West 115th St.

ADDED ATTRACTION

HAM & BUDD

Saturday Evening, May 14th

AT 8 O'CLOCK

Admission, 5 cents per foot
Refreshments

Saturday evening, June 18th.
Open Air Spring Festival

Sunday, July 3d. Tally Ho!

Sunnyside Club

GRANT HALL, FOURTH FLOOR
730 South Grand Ave.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

VISITORS WELCOME

Saturday evenings, except first of each month.

Address to Tage E. Samuelson,
Secretary, 1415 Dewey Avenue.

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FOR

Nov. 17, 18, 19, 1921

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FOR

JANUARY 14, 1922

39th ANNIVERSARY PICNIC

GIVEN UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

Pas-a-Pas Club

HARM'S PARK, CHICAGO

3326 BERTEAN AVENUE

Saturday, June 4th, 1921

How to reach Grove—Take any surface car going west to Western Avenue, transfer north and get off at Berteau Avenue; or Ravenswood "L" to Western Avenue, and walk four blocks south. "The early bird gets the worm." Get us?

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Established 1848

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GRAND BALL

GIVEN BY THE

National Association of the Deaf
(Greater New York Branch)

YORKVILLE CASINO

210-214 East 86th Street

Saturday Evening, April 30, 1921

TICKETS, (Including War Tax and Wardrobe) **ONE DOLLAR**

The following Deaf Organizations co-operating:

Greater N. Y. Division N. F. S. D. Alphabet A. C.
Deaf-Mutes' Union League Clark Deaf-Mutes A. C.
Hebrew Association of the Deaf Woman's Parish Aid Society
Men's Club of St. Ann's V. B. G. A. A.
Brooklyn Guild Xavier Allied Societies

SWEYD'S ORCHESTRA WILL FURNISH THE MUSIC

COMMITTEE ON ARRANGEMENTS

Herman F. Beek, Chairman

Miss M. G. Sherman, Vice-Chairman Miss Elsie L. Grossman, Secretary
Charles Schatzkin, Treasurer J. Pierson Radcliffe
Mrs. Anna Sweyd Max Lubin

Committee Reserves All Rights

SILENT ATHLETIC CLUB

Outing and Games

ULMER PARK

June 25, 1921

WATCH THIS SPACE FOR PARTICULARS

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ANNUAL

PICNIC and GAMES

AUSPICES OF

Knights of De l'Epee

—AT—

Ulmer Park Athletic Field

5TH AVENUE, BROOKLYN

Saturday, July 16, 1921

TICKETS, (including War Tax) 50 CENTS

Particulars in a few weeks.

HAVE YOU YOUR OWN COPY OF THIS BOOK?

"THE DEAF: THEIR POSITION IN SOCIETY AND THE PROVISION FOR THEIR EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES."

BY DR. HARRY BEST.

This is a book that every deaf person in the United States should possess.

Written after years of study and research.

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Order through your bookseller, or order direct from publishers, THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY, 426 West Broadway, New York City.

Afternoon

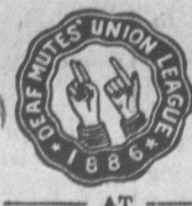
Evening

OUTING and GAMES

AUSPICES

Deaf-Mutes'

Athletic



Union League

Branch

Ulmer Park Athletic Field

FOOT 5TH AVE., BROOKLYN

SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1921, Gate open at 1 p.m.

MUSIC BY A JAZZ BAND

Tickets, (Including War Tax) 55 Cents

—PROGRAM—

BASE BALL GAME—Deaf-Mutes' Union League vs.

TRACK EVENTS—(No entrance fee, but all must pay admission to Park and send entry in on or before June 25, 1921.)
Prizes to First and Second in each event.

—MEN—

100 Yards Dash 440 Yards Run
8-Mile Run 3-Legged Race (50 Yds.)

—LADIES—

Ball Throwing 50-Yards Run
Entries close June 25th, 1921, with Joseph Weisman, 145 West 125th Street, New York City.

—COMMITTEE—

JOSEPH WEISMAN, Chairman
CHARLES SUSSMAN Sec'y HENRY PETERS, Treasurer
SAMUEL LOWENHERZ JOSEPH GOLDSTEIN

FIRST ANNUAL GAMES

—OF THE—

Fanwood Athletic Association

UNDER AUSPICES OF THE

N. Y. INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF

TO BE HELD ON THE INSTITUTION'S GROUNDS

Monday Afternoon, May 30, 1921

FROM 2 P.M. UNTIL 6 P.M.

Events open to the Graduates and Students of Fanwood:

1. Centipede Race. 3. Sack Race. 5. Tug-of-War.
2. Tunnel Ball. 4. Pillow Fighting.

1. 100-yds. Dash (handicap limited 8 feet).
2. One Mile Run.
3. One Mile Relay Race.
4. 70-yds Hurdle Dash. (Three Hurdles).
5. Wrestling Match—Lowest Time. (Weight limit 140, 125, 115 lbs.)

PRIZES—Gold Medal for 1st Place.
Gold Seal Pin for 2d Place.
Bronze Medal for 3d Place.

Prizes to be awarded by Isaac B. Gardoer, M.A., Principal of the Institution.

To be eligible for events, athletes must be graduates of Fanwood. Entries will close with Frank T. Lux, 99 Ft. Washington Avenue, New York City, not later than May 18th. Entrance fee, individual event, 15 cents.

Admission to Grounds, 25 Cents

No Entry will be received except upon this form.

OFFICIAL ENTRY-BLANK

FANWOOD ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Please enter me in the following Events, for which I inclose the sum of..... in full for entrance fee.

Signature..... Address.....

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Full information and list of policy holders on request. Please give date of birth.

Marcus L. Kenner
Special Agent
400 West 111th St., N. Y.

Greater New York Branch OF THE National Association of the Deaf.

Organized to co-operate with the National Association in the furtherance of its stated objects. Initiation fee, \$1.50. Annual dues, \$1.00. Officers: Marcus L. Kenner, President, 40 West 115 Street; John H. Kent, Secretary, 311 West 145th Street; Samuel Frankenheim, Treasurer, 18 West 107th Street.

Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.

143 West 125th St., New York City.

Tax object of the Society is the social, recreative, and intellectual advancement of its members. Stated meetings are held on the third Thursday of every month. Meetings are present for social regeneration Tuesday and Thursday evenings, Saturday and Sunday afternoons and evenings, and also on holidays. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles are always welcome. Anthony Capelli, President; Jack Seltzer, Secretary. Address all communications to 145 W. 125th Street, New York City.

Many Reasons Why You Should Be a Frat

Greater New York Division, No. 23 N. F. S. D. meets at Imperial Hall, 300 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., first Saturday of each month. It offers exceptional provisions in the way of Life Insurance and Sick Benefits and unusual social advantages. If interested write to either office, DENNIS H. HANLEY, Secretary, 1500 Broadway, New York City, or ALICE S. PACH, Grand Vice-President, 4th District, 111 Broadway, New York. The S. A. C. meets on third Wednesday of each month, at 235 Dufrid Street, near Fulton Street, Brooklyn.

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First Congregational Church

Ninth and Hope, Los Angeles, Cal.

Deaf-mute service, 3 P.M., under the leadership of Mr. J. A. Kennedy. Visiting mutes are welcome.

The Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes

Meets at St. Mark's Chapel, Adelphi Street, near De Kalb Avenue, first Thursdays of each month, at 8 P.M.

GUILD MEETINGS 1921
April 7 Sat., Apr. 23 Social & Games
May 6 Sat., May 22 Outing
June 3 Sat., June 11 Strawberry Fest.